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AUTUMN.

No sound but the beechnuts falling
Through the green and the yellow leaves,
And the rainy west wind calling
The swallows from the caves.
No fading trees are shedding
Their golden splendor yet;
But a sunset gleam is spreading,
That seems like a regret.
And the crimson-breasted bird
Sings his sweet funeral hymn
On the oak tree grim and sturdy,
In the twilight gathering dim.
Death comes to pomp and glory;
They fade—the sunny hours;
And races old in story
Pass like the summer flowers.

OUT-OF-THE-WAY CORNERS OF THE EARTH.

NEW BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION.

While Livingstone is still intent upon tracing the water-sheds of the Nile, and Du Chaillu upon studying human life and the phenomena of nature within the Arctic Circle of the Scandinavian countries, other adventurous and observant travelers and explorers have returned to civilization, to give to the world curious records of what they have seen and heard. Two of the most charming narratives that have been published for many years are those in which a young French nobleman, the Marquis de Beauvoir, describes his visits to Siam and Java during a voyage round the world, undertaken in company with the Duc de Penthièvre five or six years ago.

M. de Beauvoir has a happy faculty of telling the story of strange scenes, and the witty and animated manner of the Frenchman ever falls him in. In

he found pure, unmixed Asiatic life, and he draws a brilliant picture of its curious customs, its types without amalgamation, its manners utterly free from any admixture of our civilization, its people who have adopted only the simplest expression of clothing, but who are, even to the unweaned infants, laden with jewels and with flowers. The two travelers, who had not yet seen Canton, were susceptible of astonishment, even after Java, at the swarming population which filled thousands of laden boats, and the countless kiosk-like houses, each one a separate island.

The ship in which M. de Beauvoir went from Singapore to Siam was "a singular, dangerous, and ill-smelling vessel," called the *Chow Pya*, which was overloaded with a very unpleasant cargo, piled about the deck anyhow; whose crew, and much worse, whose cooks, were Chinese; where the bill of fare was restricted to eggs in the green state, stale cocoa-nut oil, and decomposed pine-apples; whose captain was a dandified pirate, whose decks were entirely overrun with white ants, and whose mate and chief engineer were brought on board just before the time of sailing, dead-drunk and handcuffed. The Marquis de Beauvoir and his friend the Duc de Penthièvre were solemly presented to his Majesty, a scene which, next to the innumeration of Siamese in the cemetery, if it may be so called, the author declares to have been the most curious which they witnessed in Siam. After the King's death, a number of extraordinary ceremonies having been performed, his corpse was dried by mercury, and when it was as dry as a stick, it was doubled in two, the feet and the head were jammed together, it was tied up like a sausage and deposited in a golden urn on the top of a magnificent catafalque. To this bottled Majesty the strangers paid their respects previously to visiting the Sacred Elephant, the seventy-two children of the first King, the regiment of Amazons, the royal pagoda, where the mats are of woven silver, and where there is a statue of Buddha of the length of a man whose head is one solid emerald, surmounted by a helmet of sapphire and opal; and lastly, Mongkut himself.

But if M. de Beauvoir and his friend the Duke saw strange things in Siam, they found still more remarkable spectacles in Java, where they made a marvelous journey to the very interior of the island, and visited the original of the hero of Eugene Sue's "Mysteries of Paris," Radon-Saleh. This story of travel, as an English critic justly says, reads like a chapter from the "Arabian Nights," with modern and western habits of locomotion superadded; but when the reader comes to the traveler's

enough, but when the travelers came to know the Siamese at home, the land was found to be worse than the water. The chief article of food, the unvarying delight of the Siamese, is an awful compound called "kapi," heaps of which came in the way of the visitors to the market. "Kapi" is composed of the spawn of shrimps pickled in wooden tubs until it has reached a state of putrid fermentation; then it is crushed under the feet of the operators, in a round dance, into a sickening kind of putty, which is the dainty dish *par excellence* of every one in every rank of life. A pink paste, chewed all day by every Siamese man and woman, is composed of betel, areca nut, tobacco and lime. It is a stimulant of the most insidious kind, and makes the teeth quite black, which the Siamese hold to be essential to beauty. A short time before the Frenchman's visit, the king permitted two sisters of St. Vincent, accompanied by an American lady, whose husband he prudently left at the door, to see the eight hundred ladies who composed his harem. The king gallantly led the American lady back to her husband, to whom he said, "What a fine woman! She is really very handsome, but how unfortunate it is that she should be so disgraced by having white teeth!"

That the wealth of Siam is immense is evident to strangers in everything, and especially on visiting the gambling-houses, of which M. de Beauvoir gives a most interesting description. He ends it with this striking passage: "See, these are slaves who come to risk the coins of the poor, the little shells called 'conchs of Venus,' a thousand worth five sou. At the bottom of the tent, almost outside, in a framework of verdure gilded by the sun, groups of young girls, eager, breathless, slaves who have escaped for an hour, half dressed when they come in, frequently stripped of all their clothing before they leave. They hold themselves a little above the floor, their joints straightened, their arms and elbows serving them for supports, their heads and necks stretched out convulsively, their little feet swinging in the air, and their slender, elegantly-moulded bodies shuddering at every cast of the dice. Who knows? The purchase of their liberty may depend upon a happy chance, the escape of an hour may secure the freedom of a life."

A splendid festival was in preparation at Bangkok when the French travelers reached that mysterious city, a festival destined to last seven days, to be presided over by the King in person, the ground to be kept by the famous elephants, in their war panoply. Showers of bouquets, all containing golden coins, were to fall from the royal hand, amid salvos of artillery. Games, income, feasting, dances and processions were to gladden the people of a whole week. The cause for all this was a funeral! The body of the late second King, deceased ten months before, was to be publicly burned in two more months, amid popular rejoicing on the grandest scale. Meantime, he was held in all possible honor, and the Duc de Penthièvre and M. de Beauvoir were solemnly presented to his Majesty, a scene which, next to the innumeration of Siamese in the cemetery, if it may be so called, the author declares to have been the most curious which they witnessed in Siam. After the King's death, a number of extraordinary ceremonies having been performed, his corpse was dried by mercury, and when it was as dry as a stick, it was doubled in two, the feet and the head were jammed together, it was tied up like a sausage and deposited in a golden urn on the top of a magnificent catafalque. To this bottled Majesty the strangers paid their respects previously to visiting the Sacred Elephant, the seventy-two children of the first King, the regiment of Amazons, the royal pagoda, where the mats are of woven silver, and where there is a statue of Buddha of the length of a man whose head is one solid emerald, surmounted by a helmet of sapphire and opal; and lastly, Mongkut himself.

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"appreciation," he finds, under the heading "Le Système Colonial," a clear, well-reasoned, accurate chart of the material and moral condition of the great Dutch colony of Batavia, which proves that M. de Beauvoir can be as practical as he is artistic. With equal warmth and good sense he reproaches the selfish and wicked policy of Holland in keeping the 14,000,000 of people under its "protectorate" in ignorance, in prohibiting missionary efforts, and perpetuating the hideous ignorance which enables that kingdom to extort enormous profits from the corvée system of labor. He gives an astonishing account of the natural productions of the island, where, notwithstanding Mohammedan fanaticism, the bravery and the instincts of a race of pirates, and the pride of an ancient nobility, 25,000 Europeans rule, like demigods, fourteen millions of men. "When," says the author, "one has witnessed the religious respect, the blind submission of the Javanese to all moral authority, the prompt putting in practice of everything that is material order, when one has gazed away to the far horizon of the mountains over the coffee plantations worked by the entire populations of numerous villages, when one has traveled for many whole days across fields of sugar-cane (each several square leagues in extent), whose thousands of forced laborers (*ousteren en corvée*) toil in long lines in the trenches, where one has learned that all this is a Government monopoly, it is easy to understand that, after having discharged the expenses of administration, which, everything included, amount to 120,500,000 francs, the budget has, in a period of ten years, reached a minimum excess of 63,000,000 francs. No other colony has ever produced such a result!"

The chief city, Batavia, is described as a place where there are no trees—"only majestic alleys shaded by beautiful tufted trees, framed in long, vast arbors, known to us in Europe only as ornate decorations. The rays of the pitiless sun can but penetrate their shade at intervals, while they gild with wonderful reflections the countless plumes of the cocoa-trees, the upright branches of the flame-trees, which are all scarlet flowers, the bananas, with green leaves the size of a man, the cotton-trees, laden with snow-white puffs, the traveler's palm, colossal fans of unsurpassable elegance, which yield streams of milk to the summons of a cane pushed into their bark; finally, the immense banyans, whence fall thousands of vertical lianes, which touch the earth, take rapid root and spring up to the summit of the tree, there to bind themselves into intricate garlands and again to fling themselves down."

M. de Beauvoir gives striking descriptions of the Javanese volcanoes and the marshes of the boiling lakes of the far interior, and the awful storms in which he was caught when far from refuge, and which rapidly dispersed his brilliant escort of native cavalry, gorgeously dressed, with golden spurs attached to their feet, and mounted on ponies hardly so large as Shetlands. But in the great and almost endless forests of teak, in which the sacred monkeys swarm, such was the consternation caused to the escort by the sight of the travelers' guns pointed at the struggling black bunches pendulous from the trees, that the headman was obliged to explain that the killing of a monkey would be regarded as the deadliest treason to hospitality and the worst form of assassination.

WHAT THE ENGLISH PAY FOR ROYALTY.

The complaints against the costliness of keeping up the Royal state in England seem to be well founded—for the last Parliamentary return on this subject shows that besides the Civil List, which amounts to £400,238, the grants to the Royal Family show a total of £125,986. The grant to the Princess Louise is £6,000, and to Prince Arthur £15,000 a year. The Crown Princess of Prussia takes £8,000; the Princess Alice, £5,000; the Prince of Wales, £40,000; the Princess of Wales, £10,000; the Duke of Edinburgh, £15,000; the Princess Christian, £6,000; the Duchess of Cambridge, £6,000; the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (daughter of the Duchess of Cambridge), £3,000; the Duke of Cambridge £12,000 (apart from his military pay); and the Duchess of Teck, £3,000. Total (in American money), exclusive of the Queen, who draws \$2,000,000 per year, \$660,000!

Chairs should never be covered with silk, because they must be sat-in.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE RIDICULOUS.

HOW TO GO THROUGH THE WORLD GOOD-NATUREDLY.

Said Heine: "Life is at bottom so fearfully earnest that we could not possibly endure it, but for the blending of the pathetic and the comic—a thought which is amplified into a humorous essay on 'The Philosophy of the Ridiculous,' by a writer in *Temple Bar*. There are some wise as well as witty things in this essay, and we call out a few plums—for example, these:

Ridney Smith says: "The sense of humor is incompatible with tenderness and respect." He "would like to know if any man living would have laughed to see Sir Isaac Newton rolling in the mud."

I would like to know if any man, dying even, could have helped laughing to see Sir Isaac rolling in the mud. How does Sydney Smith come to think of such a thing? It comes of his being a humorist, and of his seeing the humorous side of this imaginary pathetic spectacle. Its grotesqueness suggested it. Sydney Smith was at once an example and a champion of the philosophy of the ridiculous.

The truth is, that tenderness and respect are indispensable to the sense of the ludicrous. The greater our respect for the prostrate philosopher the more ridiculous he appears to us. So long as he is not in peril of life or limb, there is no restraint upon the sense of the grotesque except that of social etiquette, and however we may curb our risibilities, we cannot censor our sensibilities. We smile inwardly if we do not laugh outwardly.

Not long ago I saw a most fastidiously gotten up fellow-creature fall headlong on the thin slop of the London pavement. Many smiled, some laughed outright. I may have laughed—at all events I smiled, not maliciously, I hope, but disconcertingly, I fear; for as the disgraced dandy scrambled to his feet he looked daggers at me, and exclaimed, "What the deuce is it your business?" It was none of my business. We are instinctively amused at anybody who tumbles in the street, unless it is one's own suit of clothes that does the tumbling, then we do not do the laughing.

"Strange as it may seem," Cowper tells us "the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote were written in my saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood would probably never have been written at all." One of those "saddest moods" found relief in the "ludicrous lines" of "John Gilpin." Walter Scott said he "mixed with his distressing strange sketches of mirth which had no mirth in them." But there was a philosophy in them. The late Dr. Norman Macleod was doubtless indebted to his large sense of the ridiculous for his physical elasticity and the forbearance with which he met opposition. He was an illustration of Max Müller's saying, "Humor is often a safer sign of strong convictions than guarded solemnity."

The late Sainte-Beuve must have had recourse to this philosophy, or he never would have thought of relieving the depressing anticipation of a duel by going to it under an umbrella. His seconds remonstrated, but he declared that he "would rather get killed than get wet." His philosophy was successful. The absurdity of the situation put an end to it. The element of the comical overcame that of the tragical. The tragedy was precluded by its farcical beginning.

Can anything be more humiliating than the consciousness of being beaten by a bore, or anything more irritating than his complacency as he leaves your presence? From this humiliation and irritation you are saved by using your feet instead of allowing him to use you. Instead of wearying and worrying you he shall rest and brighten you. For every moment of yours that he carries away you shall beguile an item of experience from him. Let him see that you appreciate him as a joke, and he will never attempt again to make you a serious visit. But if you take him as seriously as he feels he will have the advantage of you. Your anger confirms his conceit; your good humor defeats it.

It will modify our acrimony toward vanities and affectations (and counter-affectations) to remember that we all have a share in them. All men think all men ridiculous but themselves. We wish some one would speak to our neighbor about a bad habit which we are no less addicted to. The poor complaints of his fellow bore for being "no gentleman." Mr. Fox wishes somebody would remonstrate with Mr. Kettle for being so black. Mrs. Fox thinks Mrs. Cat ought to be taken to task for being so sly. There is nothing like a thorough appreciation of the philosophy of the ridiculous for making us see ourselves as others see us, and for making us look upon the follies and infirmities of one another with a kindly-minded leniency. It makes you feel less and forbearing towards every member of this foolish human family to remember that you are one of its members. How can we say "Thou fool" to another, if we have reason to suspect that he may say the same to us?

M. Du Chaillu says he was sometimes unable to take aim at the female gorilla which menaced him, because of the grotesque countenance which she assumed. He was obliged to laugh at her instead of shooting her. His eye for drollery was as valuable to her as it was perilous to him.

DOMESTIC CONUNDRUMS.

In several parts of England there have been established Mechanics' Institutes for mutual improvement, in which young women have the same privileges as men; and in one of these Miss Jewsbury, an authoress, attends and lectures to a class of young women. She gives them the eight following questions. It will be perceived these questions are addressed to the daughters of workmen, but wives generally may be benefited by thinking them over:

1. State the best method of using up bones and scraps of meat and bread.
2. Would you prefer to use an earthen vessel, or a tin or iron pot, to set in your oven or on the hob to stew any scraps of meat, bones and bread that you may have? and state the advantage of keeping such a stock-pot continually going.
3. How would you lay out ten shillings in the town, if you had a sick husband and four children too young to work; or how, if you lived in the country, with a small garden, would you lay out seven shillings and sixpence under the same circumstances?
4. Suggest a savory and economical dinner for a husband, wife and five children.
5. Suggest some savory and economical supper for a husband coming home after a hard day's work.
6. How would you ventilate a sick-room so that a patient would not take a chill?
7. How would you cleanse a room in which a patient has had scarlet fever?
8. How would you make bread?

A contemporary says: "We should like to see the answers some of our women's-rights women would themselves give, though the questions are solely addressed to the more ignorant of their own sex. We wager not one in a thousand of the boarding-school misses or young ladies in fashionable society could answer half. Their ignorance is not their fault, however."

THE FIRST BOOK MADE IN AMERICA.

The October number of Mr. Lossing's *Historical Record* has the following:

Bibliopoliasts seem to be pretty generally agreed that the first book printed on the American continent was done by a man named Comber, in 1544, in the city of Mexico. See page 227 of the *Record*. Perhaps the earliest original composition that appeared in book form, made in North America, was a poem entitled "The Golden Fleece," written by Sir Wm. Vaughan, LL.D., who was educated at Oxford, and in 1613 purchased a part of the Island of Newfoundland, and founded a settlement there. He resided there several years, and for the purpose of drawing emigrants to his settlement, he there wrote his "Golden Fleece" about the year 1623. It was published in London in quarto form, in 1625. Its title was "The Golden Fleece, divided into three parts, etc., by Orpheus, Jr." Dr. Vaughan was quite a voluminous prose and poetic writer. He was born at Golden Grove, in Caermarthenshire, in 1577, and was a brother of the first Earl of Carbery. He named his settlement in Newfoundland, Cambria. He wrote a book entitled "The Golden Grove, moralized in three books." It throws much light upon the manners and diversions of his age.

Dr. Vaughan's "Golden Fleece" is one of the most singular of the literary productions of that time. It is a compound of truth and fiction, told in prose and in verse, both more noted for quaintness than beauty or strength of diction. In a few rare instances, a map of the country by Captain John Mason, who resided there seven years, may be found in a copy of the book.

ILLITERACY AND CRIME IN IRELAND.

Now that Mr. Frode is telling us what he knows about Ireland and the Irish, the following statistics concerning illiteracy and crime in that country are of special interest: The Inspectors-General of Prisons in Ireland report that in the year 1871 there were 31,123 commitments (other than for debt) to the county and borough jails in Ireland, and that 12,433 of the persons committed were wholly illiterate, 660 knew the alphabet only, 882 knew spelling, 5,626 could read imperfectly; only 11,437 could read and write—viz., 8,888 of the 18,771 males, and only 2,629 of the 13,338 females. The state of education of the remaining 201 was not ascertained. Taking the juvenile commitments alone, the return is more favorable. Of the whole 1,209 there were 376 wholly illiterate, 78 knew the alphabet, 67 knew spelling, 176 could read imperfectly, 511 could read and write. It must be borne in mind that persons re-committed are here counted on every commitment. The number of persons committed was but 21,902—viz., 13,540 males and 8,362 females; 3,907—viz., 2,031 males and 1,876 females—were committed more than once in the year 1871; 709 of the females four times or more.

THE CHILD AND THE OCEAN.

BY JOHN DENNIS.

The laughing children playing on the shore
Heed nothing but their sport; the boundless sky,
The ocean that with languid waves doth sigh
Or hurls its thunder with a wild uproar,
The rocks and shad'wing cliffs, are seen no more,
While eagerly with little spades they try
To build their mimic castles firm and high,
Or make deep trenches on their sandy floor.
And we, grown men, with age and knowledge
Nest,
Scarce mark God's face in earth and heaven and
sea,
Scarce hear God's voice, for all we are so wise—
By self-made cares and anxious toil oppressed;
Thoughtless, but not from childhood's simple
glee,
Nor dazed with the light in youthful eyes.

SONGS OF THE MINERS.

Under the title of "Pitmen Vocal and Oratorical," a writer in one of the London journals says of the coal-miners of England and their songs:

They are not a selfish folk, these miners in Walsall. There is a Cottage Hospital conducted on the most approved principle, to whose friendly door is not unfrequently carried the pitman stricken with disease or a victim to one of those accidents which so environ the working life of the men who delve for us mineral treasures from out of the bowels of the earth. It was on behalf of this meritorious institution that a "grand entertainment, under the auspices of the Amalgamation of Miners," was given in the Temperance Hall here, the theatre of the diurnal deliberations of the "Pitmen's Parliament."

While the concert hall filled, sundry mining delegates converted themselves into amateur hawkers for the purpose of disposing, at the price of one penny, a little volume on the title-page of which were the words, "Melodies and Poems compiled by William Brown, with a few appropriate Remarks on Explosions in Coal Mines generally." The inner leaves contained, indeed, "Melodies and Songs," among which were "The Village Blacksmith," "Song of the Unconquered," and "The Dear Little Shamrock," but I failed to find "The appropriate Remarks on Explosions in Coal Mines," unless some quotations headed "Religious Lyrics" were to be accepted for such. Promptly at the hour there came on the platform the "full strength of the company." So far as regarded the vocal portion of it, Mr. Brown, well out to the front, and absolutely in a white waistcoat, acted as once as conductor and as leading soloist; and a composition, known as the "Miners' Anthem," was sung with full chorus. There is not a great deal, perhaps, in such words as the following:

God bless the miner now;
With Thy pure grace endow
All those who toil
Down in the caverns deep;
N'er let Thy mercies sleep,
All us in safety keep,
Under Thy smile.

Built up in unity,
Fitted with true aim,
Upward we'll march along,
Brothers we'll march along,
Singing our union song,
Living to conquer wrong—
Freedom our prize.

Yet one does not need to read between the lines to see in that meaning, and, indeed, a pathos which is not to be mistaken.

The hymn having been fervently sung, the chair was taken by Mr. Halliday, the President of the Association, who in a few words explained the object of the conference and of the concert. He spoke warmly and gracefully on behalf of the Walsall Cottage Hospital, and called upon Mr. Brown to "sing us a ditty." The ditty chosen by Mr. Brown was the appropriate one, "Remember the Poor," and he sang it in a powerful mellow bass voice, with a feeling and tenderness for which, to say the truth, one was hardly prepared. By way of variety to Mr. Brown's bass, Mr. Roberts, of Wednesday, sang a rattling tenor, anent sundry "Jolly, Jolly Smiths." Mr. Brown had been, as the Chairman put it, a North Staffordshire song; that of Mr. Roberts, a North Staffordshire one; and now he called upon Mr. Abraham, of Rhondda Valley, for a South Welsh one. The numerous Welshmen in the place were imperative that Mr. Abraham should sing in his native tongue, and the hall resounded with shouts of something that sounded like "Clenough, Clenough," which is no doubt the name of a popular Welsh song, but Mr. Abraham chose not this time the Cymri, but gave us instead, with a delicacy and spirited precision that deservedly won thunders of applause, that beautiful song, "The Bells of Aberdovey." Mr. Brown turned up handsly when the Chairman called on him for the next song. As an acknowledged star, Mr. Brown was punctilious that the instrumentalists should have his precise time, and pitch, and this, after considerable rehearsal, having been successfully secured, Mr. Brown brought his white waistcoat to the front of the platform, and sang with nerve and vigor, "The dear little Shamrock."

There was quite a hurricane of applause when the chairman announced that Mr. Abraham would now sing a Welsh song. I had never before heard a Welsh song, and the result of my philological speculations on the origin of the language is, that it was invented by a person who had a Gaelic father and an Italian mother.

Nobody spoke or sang whose hands were not hard with the genuine hardness of toil in the pit, where, as one of the pit songs has it, "Day never glimmered, and plants never bloomed, there sweet-scented zephyrs a leaf never stirred, And the voice of the warbler never heard; But where many horrors midst darkness abound, And thick stifling vapors flow deadly around."

THE LURIEL ECHO.

A very famous echo is that at Luriel. It is thus described by the author of the "Rhine and its Picturesque Scenery":

"An old soldier blows a tannity on his huge French hunting-horn. No sooner have the fine brassy notes ceased, than you hear them repeated on the opposite shores, as distinctly too, that, though you know it is but an echo, you can hardly persuade yourself that there is not some one concealed on the top of Luriel imitating the sounds. The next portion of the entertainment is with the market; and for this the old guard waits till the air is perfectly still.

Then directly a lull ensues in the breeze, click goes the trigger, and the report rattles against the wall of the opposite rock as if the crags were tumbling down in a shower; and no sooner has it burst upon the ear than you hear a second explosion, almost as loud as the first, clattering behind the summit of Luriel. This time, however, the echo does not end here, for the moment after, the sound seems to be ascending the river in a kind of small thunder-peal, muttering along the opposite cliffs; then comes a pause as it leaps across the stream, after which you catch it again on the same side of the Rhine as yourself, ascending along the rocks in fainter and fainter peals, till it reaches the vineyard adjoining the Felsenbank, by St. Goar; and the next instant, after another pause, the ear detects it across the river once more, where it ultimately expires, with a faint puff, just above the ruins of Katz."

A SENSITIVE WATERFALL.

Professor Edwin J. Houston writes in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute* that while spending a summer's vacation in Pike County, Pennsylvania, he had the good fortune to discover the sensitiveness of water to sound-waves on a large scale. Among the many beautiful waterfalls in that State, he visited one in which a scanty supply of water was dripping from the moss-covered walls of a precipice. Each stream poured from the end of a pendant of moss, formed generally of one or two tiny leaflets. The air was unusually still, and the streams preserved for some distance a vein remarkably free from ventral segments. Struck with this circumstance, it occurred to him to try the sensitiveness of these streams to the notes of the voice, and after several attempts he found a tone, a shrill falsetto, to which they would respond. On sounding this note, the grouping of the drops and the position of the ventral segments were instantly changed. As the streams were of different diameters, they were not all sensitive to the same note; but at one portion of the falls, from which about one hundred of these thin, delicate streams were dripping, a very large number of them responded. A friend who was with Professor Houston, a gentleman of nice powers of observation, noticed the same phenomena. The Professor continues:

I was unable to determine the exact conditions of success, but am satisfied that they are not easily obtained, as at several other falls, where the streams appeared nearly of the same character, none were found that would respond to the voice, although a variety of different tones was tried. At other falls, however, a number of streams were found that were almost equal to the first in sensitiveness.

A heavy rain, which flooded the streams, prevented me from extending the observation. The publication of the facts will enable others to try the experiments for themselves.

The change in the grouping of the drops and the position of the ventral segments is, no doubt, due to the fact that the water is deflected by the sound waves to the delicate filaments of moss from which the water flows. These act somewhat in the manner of reeds, and simulate the orifice of the ordinary sensitive jet, by whose vibration the appearance of the stream is altered.

The falls at which the observation was first made are situated on Adam's Brook, near Dingman's Ferry, about two and a half miles up stream from the stage road leading to Milford.

WHAT THE BLIND SEE.

In a recent work on "Blindness and the Blind," the author, a Mr. Levey, says:

"When passing along a street I can distinguish shops from private houses, and even point out the doors and windows, &c., and this whether the doors be shut or open. When a window consists of one entire sheet of glass it is more difficult to discover than one composed of a number of small panes. From this it would appear that glass is a bad conductor of sensation, or at any rate of the sensation specially connected with this sense. When objects below the face are perceived the sensation seems to come in an oblique line from the object to the upper part of the face. While walking with a friend I said, pointing to a fence which separated the road from a field, 'Those rails are not quite as high as my shoulder.' He looked at them and said they were higher. We, however, measured, and found them about three inches lower than my shoulder. At the time of making this observation I was about four feet from the rails. Certainly in this instance facial perception was more accurate than sight. When the lower part of a brick wall, the top and the upper part rails the fact can be detected, and the line where the two meet easily perceived. Irregularities in height and projections and indentations in walls can also be discovered. A similar sense belongs to some part of the animal creation, and especially to bats, who have been known to fly about a room without striking against anything, after the cruel experiment has been made of extracting their eyes."

WHO ARE THE IGNORANT?

"Oliver Antient" thus discourses concerning a subject that is more or less interesting to all of us:

Ignorance doth not altogether lie in the lack of book knowledge, for surely there was ignorance before there was books. Now, as before the time of Noah, he is ignorant that omitheth to know what he might learn, whether of men, of cattle, of winds, of tides, or of aught that concerneth his business. He that maketh trial of an hand saw for to dig a pit; or that seeketh to hold an eel by the tail; or that striveth to pull the teeth of hens; or that prayeth for the rain to pour dry drops; or that maketh effort to catch the eagle by the asperion of salt upon its tail; or that knoweth not the name of his father, nor that of the father of Zebedee's children; or that loveth his stomach rather than his heart; him I deem ignorant.

He is ignorant that traces the source of the sun and the moon and the stars; that knoweth all the country round about Ujji and Bagalolo; and that cannot find his way in the woods. He also that knoweth Lindley Murray, and yet doth murder upon the King's English when he speaketh. Likewise the our which draweth up tables of interest for traders men, and knoweth not how to keep his own money, and he that keepeth his own money, and hath no eye to the interest of his fellows. The man that playeth at cards and politics—putting his trust in kings

and knaves—changing his play ever when the trump turneth—that one is ignorant. He leant upon a spade that diggeth his grave; he holdeth a club that smiteth himself; he looketh to a heart that beateeth in time only to the clink of silver; and all his diamonds be lack-lustre paste that the pawnbroker will not buy at the price of a promise. He that teacheth mnemonics, and remembereth not the number of his house and forgetteth his umbrella, and thinketh not to pay the printer; that one is verily ignorant. But the most ignorant is he that willet not to square his deeds by the Golden Rule, that striveth not to know himself and the alphabet; and that showeth no blush when that in the stead of writing his name he maketh the cross.

"MANKINS" AND ANATOMICAL MODELS.

Those who have attended the popular physiological lectures of Dr. Wieting and Professor Bronson, and others who have followed those once celebrated instructors, will remember the beauty and completeness of the *papier-mache* models of the human body which were used as illustrations. The "mankins," made of the size of life, and colored in muscle, vein and artery, to represent the various parts of the human system, came apart and fitted together again with the greatest nicety; the brain dropped out and resolved itself into distinct lobes—the heart divided into its appropriate compartments—the bones became unjoined, the fingers unjointed, and the stomach and viscera parted company—all going to show at a glance the internal economy which makes up the sum and substance of our daily life. It is interesting to know that the principal manufacturer of these wonderful models is still alive in Paris, an old man, but left unscathed by the war which has desolated that city, and as alert and enthusiastic as ever. A newspaper correspondent who visited him last summer gives the following account of the interview:

AN ENTHUSIAST AND HIS HOME.

In the old story of one of the oldest houses in the densely populated Rue Antoine du Bois, in the old or Latin quarter of Paris, M. Auzoux was found one day during the past summer by a trio of Cincinnati gentlemen, whose curiosity in part impelled to seek the famous model maker. It was with some difficulty the curious old genius was found, but the twenty wrong places walked and driven to, and the hundred vainly inquired, were finally rewarded, and he was found in the ill humor they provoked the moment the trio discovered the artist seated in his cabinet, surrounded by anatomical preparations and models that would have made the eyes of a physiologist grow big as saucers with wonder and admiration.

M. Auzoux appeared to be a man about sixty-five or seventy years old, hale and hearty at that, with a healthy glow in his features and a clear, steady light in his grayish eyes that told of unwearying toil and intellect undimmed. His large, evenly-balanced head was covered with thick, crisp growth of steel-gray hair, and his vigorous constitution and the enjoyment of many years to come. His features were strongly marked, and showed deep sturty, strong will and no less a purpose. He was covered with the mind the best portraits but especially the best of the eminent naturalist, Humboldt.

He spoke very little English, but his visitors knew a little French, and so the interview was conducted as best it could. The business language of general conversation was not the subject of anatomical models and the reputation M. Auzoux had obtained in the United States as an artist in that department of science. The Frenchman's pride and enthusiasm were touched into flame at once. His cheeks grew angry and his eyes shone as he talked. The energy of youth seemed to pass into his frame and animate his actions with electric rapidity. He sprang from his seat at a heavy black walnut secretary covered with paper, books and small packages, and, taking his stand in the middle of the room, launched away upon a broad sea of anatomical and physiological callings that fairly astonished his unscientific but deeply interested visitors. For a time the old pundit probably imagined he was in the lecture room addressing an advanced class of students in anatomy and natural history, for as his mind proceeded to change the level of the lower to the higher forms of animal life, he stepped to the side of the room and thrust aside heavy crimson curtains, and with a peculiarly French dramatic air disclosed the skeletons of men, women, children, gorillas, chimpanzees, horses, oxen, alligators, birds, fishes, snails, mammals, even in a case of which all the internal organs, even to the brain in the skull, were placed, perfectly modeled, in *papier-mache*.

THE HUMAN MODELS.

In the human models were exhibited with perfect exactness, the muscles, vessels, nerves, and all the internal organs, all so arranged as to be taken out, opened, and examined separately. One of the female models represented the size and attitude of the Venus de Medicis, in which were exhibited all the muscles, vessels and nerves, the organs of generation, the viscera, the lumbar vertebrae, diaphragm, the muscles and aponeuroses of the perineum, etc.

As the scientist warmed with his subject he took out of the grinning skulls of each skeleton a *papier-mache* model of the creature's brain, and decanted upon it with singular tenacity and fascination. His theory was that each creature's brain is just adequate to its nature; that the crocodile, for instance, just knew enough to lie await with distended jaws and crunch whatever unfortunate creature that chanced to walk into them. When he reached at last, in his ascending scale, the human skeleton, the old man panted. His features overspread with a purer, loftier glow. His eyes assumed a more introspective expression, and he handled the familiar, grinning shape with a tenderness and care which looked like veneration. From the hollow "dome of thought" he sent forth the *papier-mache* model, and, taking it carefully in pieces, exhibited that wonderful organ in all its parts. The greater and smaller cranial and spinal nerves, the sympathetic nervous system, the membranes and their relations, to the base of the cranium, were all pointed out with expertness, with a clearness and force which showed how deeply and fondly the model-maker must have studied the prototype.

The human eye, with its delicately-constructed apparatus for movement, and the ear, with its wonderful bony structure, also engaged his attention, and then he passed to ovine, and showed various species of eggs in a collection of twenty pieces, in which the formation of the ovule in the ovary, the development of the germ and the process of fecundation were

pointed out in perfect models of the same material.

This remarkable specialist lives a comparatively secluded life. He sits in his cabinet and reads or writes most of the day. He is constantly adding to his already large stock of models—extending its domain in fact until it takes hold upon every form of life, normal and abnormal.

OUR SCHOOLS OF TECHNOLOGY AND OUR YOUNG MEN.

The Rev. Charles H. Brigham writes in the *November Herald of Health* as follows:

It is a lamentable fact that the schools of technology have not yet made mechanic duties attractive to ambitious young men. The risks of commerce are more fascinating than the sure gains of constant job work with tool and trowel. Even engineering, which a few years ago seemed likely to become a rival to the so-called "learned professions," has fallen into disfavor, and young men leave the dust of the street and the mud of the swamp for the drawing schools, in which they learn how to plan useless crockets and finials on cornice and arch, and to garish roofs and towers with fantastic iron railings. They are not content to be mechanics, unless they can be master mechanics, and escape all the drudgery, all the hard work. That there are so many "scientific" students in our colleges now, gives us assurance that they will turn out more graduates who will learn practical mechanic arts, but only fewer who know the classic tongues.

Few skilled laborers we must have, and we shall have. Belgians and Swiss and English, if we cannot get Americans. There are too many artificial wants in our civilization to suppose that our workshops will be shut for want of workmen. Spotted Tail, and Red Cloud and their tribes may dispense with factories in their hunting grounds, but they too must have rifles from the Christian workshops, blankets from Lawrence, and paint from Jersey City.

HOW TO GO TO SLEEP.

The Rev. E. E. Hale has written a series of interesting papers in his magazine, *Old and New*, on the processes of going to sleep. Under ordinary conditions, mankind require no instruction in this art. They "fall off" as naturally as the weariest child, and it is only when fatigue, or care and anxiety, or illness step in the way that the eyes refuse to close and the brain to be still. But, as such incidents occur altogether too frequently for human comfort, it is a good thing to hear the experience of a man who has made a study of the subject.

Mr. Hale says the only practical suggestion he ever received in regard to sleeping was made by his friend, Mr. Collins, whose exploration and surveys of the Amor River and of Siberia have been of such value. He gave the advice just on the eve of his sailing on one of his expeditions: "Open the eyes," he said, "as you lie in bed, and look steadily, without once winking, on whatever is before them." If a sleepless patient will try this, he will find that the eye but just now so disposed to wakefulness is at once pacified, and begs to be permitted to close just for one instant. But you must be resolute: "It is my turn now. When I wanted to sleep, you wanted to be awake. Now keep open, and look at that crossing of the window-sash against the sky." "Please let me wink just once: I am very sorry." "No! look at the crossing of the window-sash." The eye is held to be as insignificant an object as the window-sash. The brain is held to window-sash, and nothing more important than window-sash. *Toujours* window-sash! Meanwhile (says Mr. Hale) the warmth of the bed, the hot water at the feet, is calling blood away; and I seldom find that I think window-sash long, or anything else. Perhaps it is pitch-dark, and there is no window-sash. None the less does this theory bid you hold the eye open till sleep closes it. More than once I have held my eyes open in such a strain; and, failing any window-sash, have bidden them look at Mr. Collins' home on the Amor River. "And what sort of houses are there on the Amor River?" "Why, I suppose log-cabins." "And do you think there is bark on the logs?" "Why, yes: there must be bark on the logs." "And do you think there is a board-walk in front of the house?" "Board-walk?—board-walk—board-walk—board-walk—board-walk—board-walk." It is at about this stage that I have a hundred times left Mr. Collins and the Amor River, and gone to the land of Nod.

Falling relief from any of these experiments, you had better give up the bed, take Dr. Franklin's walk as he bids you, and then pass a sponge of cold water freely over the whole head, forehead, hind-head, scalp, and all, till, for the moment, it is well cooled down. Take to bed with you a wet towel, and lay it folded thick over your forehead. This secures sleep for an hour or two; and, though a reaction may follow, if worst comes to worst, you may do it again.

Mr. Hale adds:

I intentionally omit all reference to opiates or other sedatives, taken as medicines; not that I disbelieve in them; but they are for the physician to advise you in. The East-Indian surgeon said that opium was the greatest blessing God had conferred on man. I do not agree with him. I hope you may never have to try; if you do, let the doctor judge when and how. To the bromide of potassium, now used so largely as a sedative, few, if any, of the evils generally dreamed seem to belong.

And here I may as well bring these suggestions to a close. To good-night, then, enough of it. I owe the happiness of a happy and active life. I shall be glad if I can help any one else to the same enjoyment. I confess I have been distressed, since I began to make these simple suggestions public, to learn from personal information how many people in our overworked, over-thinking land suffer from sleeplessness. I wish I could tell them all how much better prevention is than cure. I have spoken all along as if we had full mastery over the faculties of

mind and body which are involved, when I say that we should do with our thoughts, and what we should do with our appetites. Of course, dear reader, I know that you may have gained it. But let us speak seriously now. I know as well that God means that you shall have it, and that he gives it to you if you rightly seek it at his hands.

Who is this "I myself," which directs your hands, directs your brain, bids the blood leave those heated channels, and commands those eyes to open or to close? Who is it but the child of God, the almighty child of a creating God, when it acts with God, and, for his weakness, takes God's infinite assistance. Do not be deceived by the convenient pretence that the body is a worthless rag which this immortal soul may despise: the body is the working-tool of the soul's power. Do not be deceived by the convenient sneer at the mind as being under the control of physical appetite, bodily health, or bodily weakness; the mind, also, is a tool of the immortal soul, and obeys it when the soul demands; and that soul immortal, child of God, and alive with God, is promised the help of God, and may work with God's own omnipotence, therefore, in the control of the vagaries of the mind, or the appetites of the body, if it will!

THE GENEVA WATCHMAKERS.

From four to five thousand men are constantly engaged in making watches in Geneva. Two or three thousand more are employed in making musical-boxes. In the absence of statistics (says *Harper's Magazine*) it is supposed that one hundred and fifty thousand watches are now made in Geneva every year. The work is separated into many departments. The watchmakers, so-called—those who make the works of the watches—are the steadiest class. They have no trades-union. The case-makers are free spirits, and have a trades-union, as do the jewelers, engravers and enamellers. All of these latter command higher wages than the watchmakers, and, having more temptation, are more given to beginning the week on Wednesday, after a leisurely spree. A watchmaker averages about six francs, or nearly a dollar and a quarter a day. Jewelers, engravers and enamellers earn a little more than that. Case-makers can earn three dollars a day. But such are the habits of all these four latter classes that they do not average more than the six francs a day of the watch-work maker. There are no very large watch factories in Geneva; that is, the workmen are rarely collected in one building. The independence of the watchmaker is indicated by the fact that they generally work at home. Where a quaint old house reaches out for light through many windows high above the dinginess of its narrow court, you may be sure that the proud ruler of the little republic there with his watchmaking or engraving tools. He and his brethren make music-boxes and singing-birds, and the other industrious denizens of the St. Germain quarter, are the rulers of this little republic, because they are the backbone of the radical party; and the radical party, which rules the city and the canton. It is these people who, under the lead of James Fazy, in 1846, brought the aristocrats of the old upper city to terms, and made them pay for the powder and ball with which they did it. They work and think, and rule one of the best, and apparently one of the least, governed cities in the world.

LEAD PENCILS.

A lead pencil is in itself a small affair, but, considered as a manufactured product, it rises into much importance. To start a first-class factory, with improved machinery and stock of well-seasoned wood, requires a capital of about \$100,000; the ground covered is about half an acre, chiefly occupied by drying-houses for the storage of red cedar. The Florida red cedar is most used in this country and in Europe; some "iben" wood, as the Germans call it, or English yew, is used in Germany; white pine is occasionally used for a common grade of a carpenter's pencil.

The "lead" of the pencils is the well-known graphite or plumbago; the best of this is the natural, found in a pure state in masses large enough to cut into strips. Of this there is but one mine now up to the standard, which is in Asiatic Siberia, and pencils made from this graphite are all one grade, and pay here 50 cents per gross special, and 30 per cent. ad valorem duty. The Cumberland mines in England were the first discovered, but are now almost exhausted. What was formerly refused in cutting the graphite is now ground, cleaned and refined, and then mixed with a fine clay.

In mixing the clay and graphite, great care must be taken in selecting and cleaning the clay and getting the proper proportions; the mixture, with water, after being well kneaded, is placed in a large receiver and strongly compressed and forced out through a small groove at the bottom, in the shape of a thread of the thickness and style required—either square, octagon or round. This thread, or lead wire, is cut in bars of proper length (done by little girls), and then straightened, dried at a moderate heat and packed in air-tight crucibles and placed in the furnaces; the grade of the lead depends upon the amount of heat it is exposed to, the amount of clay used in mixing and the quality of the plumbago. The coloring of the lead is by various pigments.

The wood, after being thoroughly seasoned, is cut into thin strips and dried again; then cut into strips pencil length. These strips are grooved by machinery, then carried on a belt to the gluing room, where the lead is glued in the groove, and an even other half of the pencil glued on. After being dried under pressure they are sent to the turning room and rounded, squared or made octagon by a very ingenious little machine which passes them through three sets of cutters and drops them ready for polishing or coloring. The former is done on lathes by boys, and the latter by a machine which holds the brush and turns the pencils to fit it through a hopper. After the pencils are polished it is cut the exact length by a circular saw, and the end is cut smooth by a drop knife, the pencil resting on an iron bed.

The stamping is done by a hollow die which is heated; the gold or silver foil is then laid on the pencil, which rests in an iron bed, and the die is then pressed on it by a screw lever. The pencils are then ready to go to the packing room, whence they find their way to all parts of the civilized world at prices ranging from two dollars to twenty dollars per gross.

THE WORK OF WOMEN IN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

Dr. Hermann von Orgea, a well-known writer on Austrian social and industrial questions, has published an interesting pamphlet on women's work in connection with the Vienna International Exhibition of 1873. It has hitherto, he says, been too much the custom to measure the value of international exhibitions only by the advantages directly arising from them to industry and trade; and many persons have consequently come to the conclusion that the results of the London and Paris Exhibitions have not been adequate to the expenses incurred. But the truth is, (says the *Full Mail Gazette*) that the most important results of international exhibitions have no direct connection with commerce and industry. The general feeling in regard to international exhibitions is somewhat similar to that which prevailed at the time of the introduction of railways. People only thought of them as intrusions upon the mode of communication, and never suspected that railways would completely transform the political, social and industrial relations of all Europe. In France international exhibitions have produced a spirit of enterprise which formerly did not exist. Before their introduction France was the country of *petits rentiers*, and did not little of the markets of the world. Now she has provided half the Continent with railways and made the Suez Canal an undertaking which even Englishmen thought too venturesome. Still greater results, especially in the countries of Eastern Europe, may be expected to follow from the Vienna Exhibition. The East has immense undeveloped forces which are fettered by old customs and traditions, but these fetters have long been rotten, and would fall if a powerful shock were applied to them. Such a shock might be afforded by the Vienna Exhibition, which, by rounding the Eastern Christians from their apathy, would lay the foundation for the most peaceful and natural solution of the Eastern question. And Austria herself would derive immense benefits from the exhibition, as it will powerfully contribute to foster the national and mutual interest which is essential to a State, and which among the Austrian peoples is so deficient.

But one of the special and most important characteristics of the Vienna Exhibition will be the decision it will confer regarding the financial and social position of women in the world. The London Exhibition showed the productions of human labor; the Paris Exhibition, the instruments of human labor; the Vienna Exhibition will show who the laborers are. In this department particular attention will be given to the position of women, and from the information already collected on this subject it appears that women play a much more important part in Austrian manufactures of all kinds than is generally supposed, and that in all departments of work where there is any power, women are required, and labor of women is quite as valuable as that of men. It is also observed that as machinery improves, the work of women becomes more and more available, and that in some factories there are as many female as male "skilled artisans."

Dr. Orgea thinks that manufacturers would do well further to increase the scope of female labor by adapting the common kinds of machinery to female hands; and there is no sufficient reason why, for instance, the key of a house door should be so large as to be unmanageable by a woman, while that of a fire-proof safe, which is a sufficient protection for the most valuable treasure, may be hung on a watch-chain. There are also, he adds, several departments of work which seem especially suited to women, but are at present almost monopolized by men, such as the preparation of designs for dresses and jewelry, &c. A special school has been established at Vienna for the education of women in this art, and the productions of the students will be placed in the Exhibition to enable manufacturers to judge of the capacity of women for this kind of work.

HABITS OF LITERARY MEN.

John Calvin commenced his daily studies at five or six o'clock in the morning, reading and writing in bed for hours together. If business required him to go out, he would rise and dress, but on his return again go to bed. As he advanced in years he wrote little with his own hand, but dictated to secretaries, rarely having to make any corrections. Sometimes his facility of composition would fail; then he would get up, his bedclothes twisted, and after a few minutes' rest, he would be ready for duties for weeks and even months together, and not think of writing until he felt the power had returned. Then he would go to bed and for his secretary and resume his labors.

Cardinal Richelieu, who was a dramatist as well as a Prime Minister of France, usually went to bed at midnight, and wrote and read and write till three in the morning—now and then amusing himself by playing with his cats, of which he was very fond.

Buffon, the naturalist, rose early and worked perpetually. His great "Studies of Nature" composed by his laborer, he recopied in his own hand, and he wrote the greater part of his eighteen times before he sent it to the printer. He composed in a singular manner, writing on a large sized paper on which, as in a ledger, five distinct columns were ruled. In the first column he wrote down the first thought; in the second he corrected, enlarged and pruned it; in the third he wrote the final copy of the column, within which he finally wrote the result of his labor. But even after this he would re-compose a sentence twenty times, and once devoted fourteen hours to find the proper word which would round off a period.

Dr. Hall, the comparative anatomist and scientist, never had occasion to copy his manuscript. He composed very rapidly, and every word falling into the proper place, and every thing being arranged in his own mind in a very orderly manner.

Bonnet, the French divine, who left his voluminous manuscript at four o'clock, wrapped himself in a loose dress of blue satin and wrote until, from sheer fatigue, he had refused to hold the pen. Then he would return to bed, take the sleep of exhaustion, and on awaking go through the same process again.

A LITTLE girl, nine years old, having attended a *matinee*, being asked by her mother, on returning, how she enjoyed herself, answered, "I was full of happiness; I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."

A little girl in a New York Orphan Asylum who was punished for scratching another little girl's face by being required to learn a verse from the Bible, and who, in consequence of the selection, and chose the first verse of Psalm 144: "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WEBSTER'S

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Abridged from Webster's Quarto, illustrated with nearly TWO HUNDRED Engravings on Wood. This volume embraces a careful selection of more than 10,000 of the most important words of the language. The introduction contains, besides the Pictorial Illustrations, TABLES OF MONEY, WEIGHT AND MEASURE, ABBREVIATIONS, WORDS, PHRASES, PROV- ERBS, etc., from the Greek, the Latin, and the Modern Foreign Languages. RULES FOR SPELLING, etc., etc. FULL POCKET COMPANION EXTANT. It is beautiful, fully printed on tinted paper, and bound in morocco, Tucks, gilt edges. \$1. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. Sent by mail on receipt of the price.

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Post Office Notice.—The Mails for Europe during the week ending Saturday, October 26, 1872, will close at this office on Wednesday at 12 M., on Thursday at 11 A. M., and on Saturday at 5 A. M.

The October Reception of the Public School Teachers' Association will be given at Association Hall on Wednesday, October 30, 1872, at 4 P. M.

The following eminent artists will assist:

1. Miss Clementine Lasar. Soprano
2. Mme. Sara Brannan Hershey. Contralto
3. Mr. George F. Sargent. Baritone
4. Mr. Karl Walter. Pianist
5. Mr. GEORGE F. BRISTOW. Organist
6. Prof. Walter C. Lyman. Ellocutionist

- PART FIRST.
1. Organ—Solo. Mr. Geo. F. Bristow
 2. Song—"The Message." Blumenthal
Miss Clementine Lasar.
 3. Piano—Solo. (Andante spianato) Chopin
Mr. Karl Walter.

4. Song—"The Ballad of the Daughter of Islington"—
(old English ballad). Mme. Sara Brannan Hershey
5. Recitations. Prof. Walter C. Lyman
6. Song—"Jillied." Stiner
Mr. Geo. F. Sargent.

7. Recitations. Prof. Walter C. Lyman
- PART SECOND.
1. Organ. Mr. Geo. F. Bristow
 2. Song—"Out in the Rocks." Mme. Salton Dalby
Mme. Sara Brannan Hershey.
 3. Recitations. Prof. Walter C. Lyman
 4. Song—"Of These." Geo. F. Sargent
Mr. Geo. F. Sargent.

5. Piano—Solo—Rondo in D Flat. C. V. Weber
Mr. Karl Walter.
6. Song—"Valse L'ardite." Arditi
7. Organ—Solo. Mr. Geo. F. Bristow

The Grand Piano used upon this occasion is from the celebrated establishment of Chickering & Sons.

N. B. Programmes at the schools on Monday morning.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE V. WINTERBURN is about to make her formal debut to the world as a concert singer. Six years ago she made her first appearance, in the oratorio of the "Messiah," not as an artist, but as a student. Oratorio is acknowledged to be the most severe music to sing in every respect, and opportunities occurred but seldom. The advent of Paraps in New York caused a revival of these sublime works, which threw Mrs. Winterburn, then Miss Hutchings, into the position of the oratorio contralto of New York. After singing the contralto parts twenty-two times, in this and neighboring cities, with great dissatisfaction to herself, she finally retired about two years ago, with many regrets from her admirers, determined to sing no more in public until she could more nearly approach her high standard. During all these years she accepted no miscellaneous engagements which she could possibly avoid. We trust she will receive the hearty support of the public school teachers at her concert on November 7, at the Academy of Music. Mrs. Winterburn has always sustained the reputation of an enthusiastic, able and successful teacher, and her advancements have always been through her own efforts.

New York School Journal.

Office, 119 Nassau Street.

Subscription, \$2 50 per year, in advance.

GEORGE H. STOUT, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1872.

NOTICE.

We are informed by several subscribers that postmasters and letter carriers are in the habit of charging them postage on the SCHOOL JOURNAL. As we prepay postage on every copy sent from this office, we particularly request that subscribers hereafter refuse payment to the carriers, and send us immediate notice of the name or district of the carrier who attempts to collect from them.

Every teacher should be the agent of the SCHOOL JOURNAL. Nothing is of greater importance than that children should be taught the practice of reading for their own interest and pastime. The cells of the streets, the temptations of the night, and the bad influences of associations can thus be forestalled. More than this, the teacher will thus supply himself with the best kind of a text-book for his Reading Classes. A hint in this direction ought to be sufficient.

City subscribers—including the schools—who do not receive the SCHOOL JOURNAL on Fridays will oblige us by sending us written information to that effect. The carriers are bound to deliver the papers promptly, and on proper complaint being made to the post office authorities we will be enabled to correct any irregularities in that direction.

MUSICAL EDUCATION.

We have received the following note from a teacher of music, who takes exception to the general tone of our article on "A College of Music," published in the SCHOOL JOURNAL of the 5th instant:

To the Editor of the School Journal:
I protest against the inference you draw, in your editorial on the subject of musical culture, in the SCHOOL JOURNAL of October 5. It is all very well for you to commend the Boston University for the introduction of a thorough musical course, and it is better for you to say a good word for Mr. Bristow and the reported enlargement of the musical programme in our public schools, but was it worth while to reflect upon New York for its lack of facilities for giving instruction in music, when it is a matter of general notoriety that in no other city in the United States there are so many schools of music or so numerous a body of trained and competent instructors? I think you do injustice to your own city when you compare it disadvantageously with Boston, and when you leave your readers to infer that the "Hub" is teaching us what aesthetic culture should be. Look at the Conservatories of Music in New York and Brooklyn, at the Choral Schools, Musical Societies and the hosts of teachers who find pupils and profit in New York, and then say a word which shall at least do partial justice to a community which is liberal in its support of all that goes to the cultivation of a sound musical taste. You are too fair-minded to refuse this.

A MUSIC TEACHER.

Our correspondent has his hearing. We certainly had no intention of wounding local pride; still less would we be willing to detract from the reputation of the admirable institutions or the diligent and accomplished teachers of New York or Brooklyn. What we meant to say was this: That instruction in music has not yet become a recognized part of our general educational system, and that, so long as it is ranked simply as an "extra" in the courses of our academies, boarding-schools and colleges, to be paid for as a luxury rather than as a necessity, just so long will the new Boston University in which this study has been made a part of the regular course be entitled to pre-eminence. The aesthetic culture which tends to the highest development of the mental powers inevitably embraces the entire round of refining studies, and if our educational system rejects the culture of the musical faculty it must be regarded as unsatisfactory and incomplete. The good effect of the most elementary course of instruction in music has been so long visible through the chirping little exercises common in our primary schools, that the fact really requires no demonstration. Enlarge this system, apply it to the higher institutions of learning, and give it full recognition as a part of the curriculum, and the results already attained in the sapling would be produced in the ripe and mature tree. Our Conservatories of Music are doing an excellent work, we know, and our correspondent's praise of them is entirely just; but it is not in the nature of things that they should supply the wants of all the children in our Academies, Colleges and Universities. The Conservatory system in Europe has attained great perfection, and American institutions established on the same general plan are

exceedingly useful and deservedly popular. They are gaining in public favor because their pupils are thoroughly trained by competent instructors. But suppose the same degree of training should be applied to the education of our young collegians?—would it not be an improvement upon the present habit of neglect?

GROWTH OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The expansion of our public school system is one of the phenomenal features of American life which attracts the instant attention of intelligent foreigners who visit us. The school and the church are among the first buildings erected by the settlers in the frontier districts; they multiply with the multiplication of warehouses and dwellings in the older sections of the country; they are counted by hundreds in the great centres of population. Every year witnesses a regular increase in the aggregate of schools, scholars and teachers, and no tax is so willingly paid by our people as that which affords facilities for free instruction to the children of the rich and poor alike. The city of New York, never behind in the race for power and wealth, is showing itself equal to the demands even of a population of a million souls. It has no less than two hundred and twenty-eight schools, all under the control of the Board of Public Instruction, besides thirteen others which participate in the benefits of the school fund; but even this large number is found inadequate to meet the increasing demand for schools, and therefore the Board of Instruction, during the past year, has made contracts for the erection of a Normal College, three Grammar Schools and three Primary Schools, besides two new wings to one Grammar School (No. 7); the aggregate cost of which, including furniture and heating apparatus, will be \$940,000. The outlay for the Normal College buildings, complete, is estimated at \$350,000; for the Model Training School, \$105,000, and for the ordinary schools, from \$70,000 to \$115,000 each. Five of the new Grammar and Primary Schools will accommodate about six thousand pupils. These additions are but a part of what the people of New York are prepared to furnish. They do not stop to count dollars when educational facilities are demanded, and still another million will be disbursed without grumbling whenever the occasion for it shall arise.

A. OAKLEY HALL.

At last there is a prospect that the chief city of the nation will be relieved from the anomalous position of being presided over by a chief magistrate who is under indictment for a misdemeanor in neglecting his official duties. That this scandal has existed so long as it has is due, not to the fault of the Mayor, but to the peculiar notions of justice and civil reform entertained by his accusers.

When, months ago, an indictment was found against Mayor Hall after months of unparalleled effort and such a dragging of a Grand Jury as, we imagine, has not often been attempted here or elsewhere, he took his accusers by surprise and won the admiration of even his opponents by the straightforward and manly way in which he at once met the issue and asked an immediate trial.

The non-issue of that trial was more regretted by the Mayor than by the prosecution, if we may judge from the fact that it has taken them so long to prepare to renew the contest, and that they have found it necessary to prepare a new indictment, more bulky than a biography of the Mayor would need to be, before they can begin at all. At last, however, their accusation is ready, and again the Mayor's manly courage has brought dismay to those who have hailed his prosecution as a political triumph.

On Wednesday Mr. Hall appeared in court, pleaded to the indictment and demanded an immediate trial, offering to take the first twelve names called as jurors. This had evidently not been expected, and the prosecution felt compelled to ask for a postponement, but Judge Brady very properly refused the request, and the trial was finally begun. What its issue will be is not in the least doubtful to those who know the accused Mayor, who know that his courage is not bravado, but the desire of conscious innocence for a speedy vindication, the willingness of a manly nature to meet his accusers face to face, and at once.

Let all good men pray that this jury may continue in good health of body and mind

until they shall have done their duty and vindicated the best abused man in the city.

HOOPER C. VAN VORST.

No one will dissent from the proposition that the most important offices to be filled at the coming election, so far as the welfare of the city of New York is concerned, are the vacant judicial positions. Other officers, however important the functions they are called on to perform, have comparatively short terms of official life, and any malversation can be promptly punished; but those who sit at the administration of justice hold office for fourteen years—almost half a generation—and in that time may entirely change, for good or ill, the characteristics of the community.

Among the most important of the judicial positions to be filled is the vacancy on the bench of the Superior Court, for which Judge Hooper C. Van Vorst has been nominated by the Republicans and endorsed by the Committee of Seventy, together with a number of reform associations of varying party affiliations.

The JOURNAL not being in any sense a party organ, we have mentioned the sources whence Judge Van Vorst's nomination emanates only to show that it has nothing specially partisan in it—as no such nomination should have—but is concurred in by good citizens of all shades of opinion. This is as it should be, for when judges become the slaves of a party, Justice may remove the bandage from her eyes and discard the balance, while the minority bows its neck to her sword.

It is almost a work of supererogation to speak to the teachers of this city in Judge Van Vorst's praise. He has been, and is, one of the most active members of the Board of Instruction—a man fully alive to all its duties and all the needs of the Department. He is the chief adviser of Col. Van Buren, the United States Commissioner to the Vienna Exposition, in regard to matters connected with our educational system—which is to be fully represented there—and has shown himself a wise and judicious friend of all teachers and pupils. As a judge he has had experience on the Common Pleas bench, where he was the contemporary of Judges Daly and Brady, and in that difficult position showed himself a good lawyer and impartial judge. No word of suspicion has ever been breathed against his character as a private citizen or as an official, and we can but think that he has richly merited the promotion now proposed for him. We shall be sorry to have him lost to the Board of Education, but shall rejoice to have the Bench of the city honored by his presence on it, and reinforced by his knowledge and talents.

We hope that, irrespective of party, those of our teachers who have a vote will cast it for him, and we call upon the lady teachers, whose friend he has ever been, to throw their influence—stronger than ballots—in favor of this upright, intelligent, deserving candidate.

THE MUSICAL SUPERINTENDENCY.

The rumor gains ground that the office of Musical Superintendent is to be created by the Board of Public Instruction in this city, for the purpose of giving a better direction to the musical exercises in our public schools. We have already spoken in terms of commendation of this project, believing that if music is taught at all in our schools, it shall be reduced to a practical and thorough system, under the care of competent instructors. The excellent results which have been produced by the fragmentary training in music in our schools, point to the possibility of elevating this branch of free education to the rank of a useful study. It is now only a recreation, an amusement for the minds of the young, inefficiently conducted and regarded as a mere incident of the school-day. But, under a larger method, it might be made a civilizing and abiding influence in the training of the young.

In the selection of a Superintendent of Music the Board will naturally be guided by the fitness as well as by the reputation of the different candidates; but it should be remembered that popular reputation are not always to be depended upon. Personal friendships, individual interests and newspaper paragraphs have so often given factitious reputations to mediocre persons, that it is wise to sift the record of applicants for a position so peculiar and important as that of a Musical Superintendent. The real test lies in the actual qualifications which are

revealed by a personal investigation. The teacher of music who is found to have been successful in the practical work of instruction should be given the reward due to capacity, skill and energy. We suggest a name which carries a practical illustration of all these qualities—that of Madame Charlotte V. Winterburn, whose fitness for the place now to be filled cannot, we think, be questioned.

OUR COLLEGE GRADUATES.

We give in another column some interesting extracts from a report to the Bureau of Education at Washington on the vital statistics of our college graduates. The returns are necessarily imperfect, in consequence of the want of a general and accurate record; but the information obtained from our two greatest colleges—Harvard and Yale—serves at once to show the value of this class of statistics, and to reveal some of the peculiar results of our educational system.

It is clearly shown that the largest proportion of our college-bred men enter the professions. Taking as illustrations the comparatively complete returns from Yale and Harvard, together with the partial statistics of Dartmouth, we find that about 33 per cent. of the graduates become lawyers, 26 per cent. clergymen, 13 per cent. physicians, 13 per cent. teachers—leaving less than 15 per cent. for the various departments of business. Commerce and trade, according to these figures, get but small benefit from the liberal culture afforded by our higher institutions of learning. It is possible that some persons will regret this; but there are the statistics—and what more can be said? Business will go on, even if no single college graduate puts his name upon a shop-sign, and the ranks of the professions will be all the stronger for the liberal accessions they receive from our colleges.

The question of the percentage of deaths among college alumni is a more important one than that of occupation. Out of 1,637 Harvard graduates, 19 per cent. are dead; Yale has lost 30 per cent., and Dartmouth 23 per cent. The statisticians agree in attributing the greater mortality among Yale and Dartmouth men to the fact of their dispersion in every climate and every State of the Union. This question and others bearing upon the general subject, suggest the expediency of providing a better system for the collection of accurate statistics than that which now exists.

WHAT IS TO BE THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE?

Certainly not "Alvato"—that curious jargon in which an ingenious linguist in this country has revived the confusion of Babel. Perhaps the French, which is now spoken or understood in almost every corner of Europe. Hardly the German, which is difficult and unpronounceable. More likely the English tongue is the one fated to prevail. When we consider the enormous extent of the colonial system which Sir Charles Dilke rightly calls "Greater Britain," together with the vast area of the United States, in which the nationalities of the world are being fused into one homogeneous nation, it is not extravagant to predict the coming of an era when the influences of a high civilization and the spread of industry and commerce shall make the greater part of the world absolutely Anglo-Saxon. It has been said that the English language will always carry a man further than any other vehicle of expression, and hence the inference that it will one day become the language of the world.

But that is no reason for omitting the study of other languages. If all the world could talk English, there is no reason why enterprising Americans should compel it to do so. Therefore, let us still publish and study our text books in Spanish, and French, and German, and even in Dutch, Scandinavian and Icelandic. Knowledge never comes amiss.

PENSIONS FOR TEACHERS.

We have long had at heart the establishment of a proper reward for those who have been worn out in the noblest and most important service to our country. We mean the old public school teachers. We know the hostility to and the many specious arguments against a pension system, and are fully prepared to meet the hostility and the arguments; but to succeed the teachers themselves must take earnest part in our support.

Next week a sketch of a bill will be given in these columns with some reasons for its

form, and, unless a better form can be devised, this bill will be introduced in our next Legislature.

Meanwhile let every teacher consider what is the best way to secure an end that all agree is desirable, but above all, now at the time when candidates are most malleable, work to secure the introduction of the principle.

The New York Public School Teachers' Association, of which Mr. B. D. L. Southerland is President, will have their October reception at Association Hall on Wednesday, 30th, at 4 P. M. We print the programme in another column. It will be seen that many prominent artists will take part in the reception.

The Library.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND KEY TO PHILOSOPHICAL CHARTS. By FRANK G. JOHNSON, A. M., M. D. New York; J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

This attractive volume, upon which the publishers have expended the best resources of the printer, the artist and the paper-maker, is intended to accompany and explain the philosophical series of the author's well-known school-charts. Five hundred reduced copies of the diagrams contained in the charts are introduced into their proper places in the descriptive text, and an excellent book for use in schools and academies is the result. Dr. Johnson thoroughly understands the art of impressing a lesson indelibly upon the mind of the scholar, and he relies in a remarkable degree upon the education of the eye. He contends that in the study of Natural Philosophy it is essential that its leading principles be represented to the eye in the most lucid and simple form possible, in order that the learner may receive a clear, strong and lasting impression of the principles that make up this branch of education; and, acting upon this theory, he has prepared a text-book which will undoubtedly take its place among the best of many which have treated of the same subject.

THE POLYTECHNIC: A Collection of Music for Schools, Classes and Clubs. Compiled and written by U. C. Burnap and W. J. Wetmore. New York; J. A. Schermerhorn & Co.

THE ATHLETIC: A Collection of Part-Songs for Ladies' Voices. Same authors and publishers.

The titles of these volumes explain their purpose. The first comprises selections of secular and sacred music, school and college songs, and the gems of the old and later masters, together with many popular airs "drafted for the first time from the opera, the minstrel-hall, and the street, to do better service in the school-room." The second, compiled with a view of meeting the wide demand for music of a higher order for the use of young ladies in schools, families and societies, is a volume of a different order, and its selections from the works of Mozart, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Verdi and Rossini, are complemented by popular passages from Gounod and Offenbach—all of which will be sources of unending delight to musical amateurs who cluster about the domestic hearth in the long evenings of the winter. The score and text of both the volumes are admirably clear and accurate.

MAYHEW'S UNIVERSITY BOOK-KEEPING: A Treatise on Business and Accounts. By Ira Mayhew, A. M. Boston: Nichols & Hall.

Sixteen years ago, Mr. Mayhew attempted the experiment of providing a text-book of instruction in accounts, for the use of the advanced classes in our common schools, and he has achieved a success. Book-keeping is now an authorized study, not only in our public schools, but in the higher institutions of learning, and the popularity of Mr. Mayhew's books has increased so rapidly that his manual of instruction has passed through sixty editions in ten years. The present volume is the latest revision. It contains methodical lessons in all the calculations and forms required for business purposes, and concludes with a comprehensive and excellent epitome of the elements of commercial law. It will be found valuable for general reference as well as for the use of schools.

FELTER'S NEW PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC. Prepared by Selim H. Peabody, A. M. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Felter's arithmetical works, celebrated for their minute and complete analyses, do not lose in value or attractiveness in the hands of Mr. Peabody. This volume has been prepared with care, especially the concluding portion, which treats largely of mechanics, and the editor's aim to give practical rather than theoretical instruction has been attained. We commend the volume to teachers and parents, as one of the best of the new text-books.

SPANISH SELF-TAUGHT: A New System. By FRANK THOMAS. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

A handy little volume, containing useful hints for students of the Spanish language, with directions for correct pronunciation, and a limited vocabulary. The price is only twenty-five cents, and for this very small sum the learner will certainly get his money's worth.

RECREATIONS: Comedies, Serious and Pathetic. Edited by Clarence J. Howard. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

"Back Barnaby's Funeral," "Best Hattie's," "Heavenly Chimes," one of John B. Gough's stories, "Paul Revere's Ride," "Lord Dunsany Proposing," John Hay's "Banty Tim," "The Bells of Shandon" and "No Sect in Heaven" are among the selections in this vol-

ume—a good deal of innocent fun, a little of the serious, and a flavor of the pathetic, being mingled together in its pages in agreeable proportions.

THE NOVEMBER MAGAZINES.

The magazines for November are full of good things.

Harper's has a curious paper on a mode of numbering sonorous vibrations, another installment of Castelar's admirable papers on the Republican movement in Europe, an illustrated account of a voyage on the Danube by Junius Henri Browne, a story of a remarkable industrial experiment in Connecticut, an historical paper on the Treaty of Washington, new chapters of the fresh novels by Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade, and a variety of tales and poems—supplemented by the ever-welcome and genial gossip of the "Easy Chair," in which Mr. Curtis crystallizes a great deal of wit and wisdom.

The most striking paper in the *Galaxy* is Mr. Browne's argument upon death, in which he contends that the act of dying is not painful, but pleasant. Another article, by S. G. Young, discusses the serious question whether Americans are less healthy than Europeans; and, in another paper, by "Carl Benson" defines the relations between publishers and authors, rather to the disadvantage of the former.

Scribner's is an exceptionally good number. It has the opening chapter of a new novel by Dr. Holland, entitled, "Arthur Bonnicastle;" a vivid description of the remarkable earthquake in Peru which sent the United States war-steamer Wateree high and dry upon the land; a story of an expedition with Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone, and a paper by T. W. Higginson, on Hawthorne, which has a peculiar interest for the admirers of the author of the "Scarlet Letter."

Dr. Holmes has the place of honor in the *Atlantic*, and his quaint conceits are admirable. Mr. Parson continues his papers on Jefferson, and there is a story of the "Primeval Ghost World," by John Fiske, which contains some curious records of old superstitions. Charles Warren Stoddard gives a lively sketch of life in Tahiti, the following passage being one of his picturesque descriptions:

As I wandered, from most native houses came the invitation to enter and eat. Night after night I found my bed in the corner of some dwelling whither I had been led by the master of it with unaffected grace. It wasn't simply showing me to a spare room, but rather unrolling the best mat and turning everything to my account so long as it pleased me to tarry. Sometimes the sea talked in its sleep not a rod from the house; frequently the mosquitoes accepted me as a delicacy and did their best to dispose of me. Once I awoke with a headache, the air was so dense with the odor of orange-venice by the shore. There was frequently a strip of blue bay that ebbed and flowed languidly and had to be lunched with; or a very deep and melodious spring, asking for an interview, and I may add, it always got it. I remember one miniature castle built in the midst of a gray Venice by the shore. Its moats, shining with gold-fish, were spanned with slender bridges; toy fences of bamboo inclosed the rarer clumps of foliage, and there was such an air of tranquillity pervading it I thought I must belong there. Something seemed to say, "Come in." I went in, but left very soon; the place was so fairy-like, I felt as though I were liable to step through it and come out on some other side, and I wasn't anxious for such a change.

Lippincott's is an excellent number of a magazine that is always good and lively. The "Monthly Gossip" department is edited with a great deal of "vim" and sparkle. The opening article describes the process of making straw-paper, and there are interesting papers on torpedoes, the affairs of Costa Rica, and the London season.

News from the Schools.

EDUCATIONAL MATTERS.—Two years ago the principals of the primary schools drew up a memorial, which they presented to the Board of Education, asking that there should be no disparity between the salaries paid to the principals of their departments and those paid to the principals of the female departments of grammar schools, and requesting a proportionate increase on salaries for vice-principals and experienced assistants. To this the Board paid no attention. The Association then compiled statistics, and presented them, with the memorial, a second time, in June, 1872. The second appeal was not successful, and on January 15, a letter was sent by the President of the Association to the Department of Public Instruction, calling attention to the memorial, and suggesting that the salaries as well as the rank of the principals and teachers of primary schools and departments should be made equal to those of the principals and teachers of the female grammar schools. The letter met with no better success, although the salaries of the principals of the primary departments were raised 20 per cent. when the principals of the female departments of the grammar schools were raised 18 per cent.

At a meeting of the Association on Monday a Committee of Five was appointed to consider the subject. The Committee met on Tuesday. The Committee maintained that the primary schools should aim to be training schools for the grammar departments; that the primary schools actually need the more experienced teachers; and that the poor, who pay proportionally the greater amount of taxes receive benefit only from the primary schools. Of 130,871 children in the primary schools last year, only 61,751 entered the grammar schools. The consequence is that all the schooling the poor children receive is in the primary departments. As the system now is they are taught by young, inexperienced girls, who, as soon as they become competent, are placed in the grammar schools, where they are given classes containing a smaller number of pupils and an advanced salary. The remedy for this, the Committee claims, is not an increase but an equalization of salaries. The number of pupils in each class should be reduced from 50 to 35. Many of the teachers have 80 or 90 scholars in their classes, and children are herded together in ill-ventilated apartments. The per-

centage of deaths among Primary Department teachers is largely in excess of that of other departments, and physicians have stated that the number of teachers treated by them is appalling, the majority being young inexperienced girls.

The teachers claim that to compel them to instruct a greater number of scholars at reduced salaries is manifestly unjust. The Committee adjourned, after deciding to ask the Board again for the appointment of a Conference Committee.

The average attendance at the evening schools during the second week of the term of 1871 was 10,432, while that for the corresponding week of the present term was 10,160, or a decrease of 272. The officers of the Department of Public Instruction attribute this decrease mainly to the extraordinary political excitement prevailing, and argue that many young men who ordinarily would attend the schools regularly, now participate almost nightly in political meetings and demonstrations. As the schools have been organized with unusual care this year, and made more attractive, an increased attendance was anticipated. The decrease is therefore considered virtually greater than appears from the actual returns, and the officers of the Department are naturally anxious for a final realization of their expectations. The evening school at Carmenville, in One hundred and fifty-sixth street, Washington Heights, a small, mixed school for men and women, seems to have been particularly unfortunate. At the next meeting of the Commissioners of Education the limit of age for pupils, and other subjects pertaining to the evening schools, will come before the Board for consideration. —N. Y. Tribune.

A LARGE SCHOOL.—Grammar School No. 13 has the largest attendance of any of the evening schools. Mr. R. H. Pettigrew, assisted by thirty able teachers, has made it not only the largest but the most orderly school in the city. The average attendance is 1,085, and the largest attendance this season reached 1,143. After the dismissal of this great number, there was not the least disorder or noise in the street, and no shouting nor whistling.

INK.—The contract for supplying ink to the schools of this city specifies that David's Ink shall be used, but it appears that none of that manufacture has been furnished in many months, the contractors having substituted the ink of some other firm. Many teachers are complaining of the inferior quality of ink that they and their pupils are compelled to use. We hear of similar irregularities in regard to pens and other articles. Who is to blame?

THE VIENNA EXPOSITION.—Baron De Schwartz-Senborn has sent a letter to General Van Buren of this city, from which we are permitted to publish the following extract:

I am extremely obliged to you that you also took in hand to send us model school houses, and an explanation of your wondrous school system. I think that this part will be one of the most attractive of the Exhibition, and will, I have no doubt, be appreciated at its full value. I saw some months ago in one of the American papers, that in many of your schools are now attached rooms, fitted up with castings in plaster of fine models of art, so that every popular school forms at the same time a little museum, and awakens in the juvenile scholar a feeling for every fair and tasteful work of art. Should it be possible to represent in your school house this new and admirable arrangement of what I may call a school museum at our exhibition in Vienna, I should be very thankful to you.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

—Work given out at advanced prices to pay for first-class sewing machines on instalments. Instruction free. D. P. Pond & Co., 142 East Eighth street, and 21 Astor place.

—The "Willcox & Gibbs" seam is more elastic and durable than a lock-stitch seam, and yet good to make up. It can be taken to pieces for "making up" without ripping, by unhooking the seam.—From *Recreation*, for purchasing a Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine. 658 Broadway, N. Y.

—FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. O. Pierce, Boston, Mass., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine since 1859, without repairs, earning from \$12 to \$15 a week, making men's clothing. See the new improvements and Wood's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

—In the advertisement of Farrers & Sayers' steam-heating apparatus may be noticed a change of the name of the firm. Mr. Sayers has lately had his name added as partner. We were not aware of this fact till after our last issue; but this week we make the alteration.

WANTS.—Reliable lady agents wanted in every county in the United States to sell our novelties in Rubber Goods. Exclusive territory given. For circulars, terms, &c., address Mrs. G. W. Wood, care Good-year's Rubber Co., 7 Great Jones street, New York.

—Drunkennes and opium eating. Dr. Beers, 107 Fourth avenue, New York, has permanent and painless cure for both. Thousands cured. Send stamp for conclusive evidence.

Beware of Counterfeits.—Use Brumwell's celebrated Cough Drops. The genuine have A. H. B. on each drop. General depot, 410 Grand street, New York.

—Dr. Colton originated the laughing gas for painless tooth-extraction, makes the gas fresh every day, and performs just what is promised. Come to headquarters, 19 Cooper Institute.

—Headquarters for nitrous oxide gas for extracting teeth without pain.—Dr. Hasbrouck, late operator at Colton's. Office, 956 Broadway, corner Twenty-third street.

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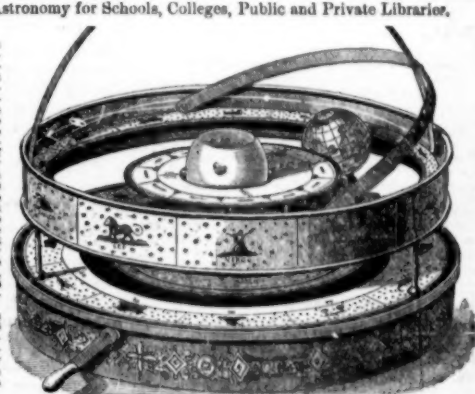
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IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

If I were a sunbeam
I know what I'd do:
I would seek white lilies
Many woodlands through.
I would steal among the trees;
Softest light I'd shed,
Until every tiny
Aloft its drooping head.

If I were a sunbeam
I know where I'd go:
To lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe;
Till dark hearts looked upward,
And would shine and glow;
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and more.

Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
As thou hast done so, then,
Beater rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

LUCY LARCOM.

HISTORY OF A PENNY.

In the mint where all our pounds, shillings and pence are made, there once were a gold cat and a penny just coined. They lay, shining and clean, close together on a table, and the bright rays of the sun danced and sparkled on them. Then said the gold cat to the penny, "You jump, get away from me! You are only made of common copper, and are not worthy of the sunlight that shines on you. You will soon be lying all black and dirty on the ground, and no one will be at the trouble of picking you up. I am made of costly gold. I shall travel about the world with great lords and princes; I shall do great things, and perhaps come day shine in the emperor's crown."

In the same room there lay by the fire an old gray cat. When he heard this, he licked his paws thoughtfully, turned himself round on the other side, and said, "Some things go by the rule of contrast."

So it proved with the pieces of money. It turned out very contrary to what the gold cat expected. It fell into the possession of an old miser, who locked it up in a great chest, where it lay idle and useless with hundreds of others like itself. But when the old miser found that he should not live much longer he buried all his money in the ground so that no one might get it, and there lies the proverb to this day, "dirty and black, and no one will ever see it."

But the penny traveled far about the world, and it came to high honor. And this is how it happened: First, one of the poor boys at the mint received it in his wages. He carried it home, and his little sister was so delighted with the clean, shining penny he took it to her.

The child ran out into the garden to show it to her mother, and saw a poor lame beggar passing by, who begged for a piece of bread.

"I have not got any," said the child.

"Then give me a penny to buy some," said the beggar, and the child gave him her new penny.

The beggar limped off to the baker's. Just as he came to the shop an old friend of his passed by, dressed as a pilgrim, with mantle, staff and scrip. He gave to some children who were standing around the baker's door pictures of good and holy men, and the children in return put some money into the little box he had in his hand. The beggar asked, "Where are you traveling to?"

The pilgrim answered: "Many hundred miles away to the city of Jerusalem. I wish to offer up my prayers there, and redeem my brother, who is a prisoner in the hands of the Turks; it is for this purpose that I beg for money."

"Then take a mite toward it from me," said the beggar, and he gave his penny to the pilgrim, and would have gone away as hungry as he came, had not the baker, who saw all that had passed, given him the loaf which he wished to buy.

And now the pilgrim wandered through many lands, and went in a ship far over the sea to the holy city of Jerusalem. When he arrived there he first offered up his prayers and then went to the Turkish Sultan who kept his brother a prisoner. He offered the Turk a large sum of money if he would set his brother free. But the Sultan wanted more, and he asked the pilgrim, "I have nothing more to offer you but this copper penny, which was given to me by a poor, hungry beggar, out of compassion. May you also have pity, as he had, and this copper penny will secure you a reward."

Then the Sultan took compassion on him, and set his brother free, and he received the penny from the pilgrim.

The Sultan put the copper penny in his pocket, and after a little while forgot all about it. Now it happened that after a time the emperor of Germany came to Jerusalem to fight against the Sultan. So the Sultan fought bravely at the head of his army and was never wounded; but one day an arrow was aimed right at his breast; it struck him, indeed, but glanced off from his clothes without wounding him. The Sultan was very much surprised, and when his clothes were examined after the battle, the penny was found in the pocket, and this had caused the arrow to glance off. So the Sultan prized the penny very much, and had it fastened with a golden chain to the hilt of his curved sword. Some time afterward the Sultan was made prisoner by the emperor, and had to yield up his sword to the conqueror. So the penny came into the possession of the emperor.

One day when the emperor was sitting at the table, and was just in the act of raising the goblet to his lips, the cupbearer said he was anxious to see the curved Turkish sword. So it was brought in, and as the emperor was showing it to the empress the penny became unfastened, and fell into the goblet of wine. The emperor saw it, and before drinking the wine he took out the penny. But when he looked at it he perceived that the penny had turned quite green. This showed everybody that there was poison in the goblet. A wicked servant had mixed the poison, hoping to kill the emperor. The servant was ordered to execution, but the penny was set in the emperor's crown.

So this penny made a child happy, gave bread to a beggar, delivered a prisoner, saved a Sultan from being wounded, and preserved the life of an emperor. It deserved to be set in an emperor's crown. Perhaps it is there to this day if we could only see the crown.—From the German.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FIRST FLEA.

Ebenezer Webster, father of Daniel, was a farmer. The village in his garden suffered considerably from the depredations of a woodchuck, whose hole and habitation was near the

premises. Daniel, some ten or twelve years old, and his brother Ezekiel, had set a trap, and at last succeeded in catching the trespasser. Ezekiel proposed to kill the animal and end at once all further trouble with him; but Daniel looked with compassion upon his meek, dumb captive, and offered to let him go. The boys could not agree, and each appealed to their father to decide the case.

"Well, my boys," said the old gentleman, "I will be the judge, and you shall see the counsel to plead the case for and against his life and liberty."

Ezekiel opened the case with a strong argument, urging the mischievous nature of the criminal, the great harm he had already done, said that much time and labor had been spent in his capture, and now, if suffered to go at large, he would renew his depredations and that he ought now to be put to death; that his skin was of some value, and that, make the most of him they could, it would not repay half the damage he had already done. His argument was ready, practical, and to the point, and of much greater length than our limits will allow us to occupy in relating the story.

The father looked with pride upon his son, who became a distinguished jurist in his manhood.

"Now, Daniel, it's your turn; I'll hear what you've got to say."

It was his first case. Daniel saw the plea of his brother had sensibly affected his father, the judge, and his large, brilliant black eyes rested upon the soft, timid expression of the animal, and he saw it trembled with fear in its narrow prison-house; his heart swelled with pity, and he appealed with eloquent words that his captive might go free. God, he said, made that woodchuck to make him live, to enjoy the bright sunshine, the pure air, the fields and woods. God had not made him or anything in vain; the woodchuck had as much right to live as any other living thing; he was not a destructive animal, like the wolf; he supplied some of our common vegetables, of which they had plenty, and could well spare a part; he destroyed nothing except the little food he ate to sustain his humble life, and that little food was as sweet to him and as necessary to his existence as was to them the food on their mother's table. God furnished their own food. He gave them all they possessed, and would they not spare a little for a dumb creature who really had as much right to his small share of God's bounty as they themselves had to their portion? Yes, more; the animal had never violated the laws of his nature, or the laws of God, as men do, but strictly followed the simple instincts he had received from the hands of the Creator of all things. Created by God's hands, he had a right from God to food, to liberty, and they had no right to deprive him of either. He included to the mute but earnest pleadings of the animal for that life, as dear to him as were their own, and the just judgment they might expect if in selfish cruelty and cold-heartedness they took the life they could not restore again.

During the appeal the tears had started to the old man's eyes, and were fast running down his sunburnt cheeks. Every feeling of a father's heart was stirred within him, and he felt that God had blessed him beyond the lot of common men. His pity was awakened by the eloquent words of compassion and the strong appeal for mercy, and, forgetting the judge in the man and the father, he sprang from his chair, while Daniel was in the midst of his argument, without thinking he had already won his case, and, turning to his eldest son, dashing the tears from his eyes, he exclaimed: "Zeké, Zeké, you let that woodchuck go!"

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soon he sat at his marriage feast, or who sat beside him.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

OUR WEEKLY CHAT.

It is a pleasant as well as an interesting spectacle, on one of these brisk October mornings, now that the schools are open and everything in order again after the long summer vacation, to witness the crowds of boys and girls who throng our streets, merrily wending their way with books under arms to their respective schools. To notice the lively chattering of the girls and the more staid conduct of the boys, the red little fingers and the ruddy glow upon cheeks, is indeed an agreeable sight; and we are glad to think that at our office desk we may join in some of these little chats with the young folks through the medium of the many neatly-printed letters they send us; but there is a pile of letters and compositions before us whose writers are, no doubt, impatient at not having heard from us for two long weeks, and so we must bring our little soliloquy to an abrupt close and turn to our letter-box.

First we shall look over the compositions. Here are some from Mary Baker, Currier F., Grace Thompson, Mrs. S. Higgins, Lou C. Evans, and Richard Fleming. And here are several others, entitled, "Observation," "Warnings of History," "A Skater's Adventure," "The Storm," "Address to Mourners," "Adventure with a Lady's Hat," "Education and Liberty." All of these we put away for examination, and in next week's JOURNAL the award of prizes will be made.

Here is a brief missive from Sarah C. who correctly solves the floral anagrams and charades No. 8, in JOURNAL No. 30. If Miss Sarah had looked in No. 29 of the JOURNAL, she would have found full particulars about the prizes offered. The time for the receipt of answers in competition expired last Monday, the 21st inst.

Mr. Banks sends us the answer to problem No. 4 in JOURNAL No. 30, obtained by a peculiar method. A good algebraical solution to this problem will be found in the answer this week. The puzzles Master Banks encloses are good, but we must reserve the answers before we can use them.

Frank A. Murtha answers the following puzzles: Nos. 3, 7 and 8 in JOURNAL No. 29, and Nos. 2, 3, 7 and 8 in JOURNAL No. 30, all of which are correct. We will try to make room for his numerical enigmas.

A Pupul of G. S. No. 13 sends the correct solution of algebra of problem No. 1 in JOURNAL No. 29.

The charade by Harry goes into our accepted drawer.

B. A. L.'s acrostic ditto.

GYMNASTICS FOR THE BRAIN.

NO. 1.—PROBLEM.

1. A lady, having four daughters, bought some oranges; she gave to the first three-sixths of the whole number, to the second six-ninths of what she had left, to the third two-thirds of the remainder, and to the last two.

How many had she?

2. Alfred, Benjamin, Charles and David entered into partnership for the term of one year, and they gained a sum of money, of which Alfred, Benjamin and Charles took \$240; Benjamin, Charles and David \$360; Charles, David and Alfred \$320; and David, Alfred and Benjamin \$280. What distinct gain?

EDDIE WELSH.

NO. 2.—CHARADE.

Go seek my first in yonder grave,
Where sleeps the widow's son;
Through some about the whole may rave,
My second's better far than none.
Whole: My name is on St. Bernard's heights,
And on the Spilgen's cloud-capped dome;
This graven on the gates of Rome. Y. C.

NO. 3.—SQUARE WORD.

Making a harsh noise.
To soften in temper.
A Porcine animal.
A kitchen utensil.
To call for a repetition.
Conditions.

A. T. M.

NO. 4.—LETTER PUZZLE.

My first is in turnip, but not in weed;
My second is in grain, but not in seed;
My third is in penny, but not in fee;
My fourth is in tree, but not in row;
My fifth is in heart, but not in soul;
My sixth is in queer, but not in droll;
My seventh is in store, but not in goods;
My whole is an animal which lives in the woods.

HARRY C. B.

NO. 5.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A vowel. 2. A connecting. 3. To expiate. 4. A snaggling pain. 5. A denominative. 6. A tavern.

7. A vowel.

My first denotes company, as you must know;
My second regards company as a foe;
To gather company my third you should use,
And my whole y-u may give if you wish to amuse.

H. N.

NO. 7.—LOGOGRIFH.

Complete, to all things I apply;
Curtained, to every eye;
Agile, I'm part of every day;
And in every clime, by no means to be slighted in the school-room;
Revered now, then you will find
That I am still the same;
And also show, when read aright,
A Scripture female name.

STEPHEN.

NO. 8.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. An Italian town. 2. A Turkish town. 3. An Australian town. 4. An American town. 5. An Asiatic river. 6. A Prussian town.

The initials will give the name of a benevolent man, and the finish his native country.

E. O. HOWELL.

ANSWERS TO "GYMNASTICS" IN JOURNAL No. 30.

No. 1.—Arm-ada. No. 2.—Pembush. 2. Hyacinth. 3. Tiger Lily. 4. Marigold. 5. Tube Rose. 6. Mug-nuclette.

No. 3.—"Mahogany Blonde." No. 4.—1. Solution by algebra:
Let x = the price the horse was sold for; let y = the price the cow was sold for; and z = the price the dunkey was sold for; then,

$x + y + z = \$42$ (1)
 $x - y = \$2$ (2)
 $x + 2y = \$32$ (3)

Transposing in the third equation and subtracting from (1) we get $4y = \$42$, whence $y = \$10.50$, the price of the cow.

Transposing in equation (2), subtracting from (1) and substituting the value of y in the result, we get $3x = \$10.50$, whence $x = \$3.50$, the price of the horse.

Adding together the price of the cow and dunkey and subtracting from $\$42$, we get $\$28$,

which is the value of z , and therefore the price of the horse.

2. The required number is 142857.

No. 5.—1. Pace, case. 2. Sure, rise. 3. Peach cheap. 4. Sure, rise. 5. Seal, pale.

No. 6.—
A L I E N
L I M I T
S E N T E R

No. 7.—Wood.

No. 8.—Snowball.

MASKS AND FACES.

A nobleman once gave a grand feast to some of his friends. While his visitors were sitting at the table, there came into the room a little lady and a gentleman most splendidly dressed, each wearing a mask, but no taller than children of five or six years old. The gentleman wore a scarlet coat, trimmed with gold lace, and his large, curly wig was powdered so as to look as white as snow, and in his hand he held a cocked hat. The lady had on a dress of broad satin, trimmed with silver spangles. She wore a beautiful little hat and feather, and held a fan of ivory. They began dancing very gracefully, and sprang about in such a charming way that everybody was delighted with these pretty, well-behaved children.

An old officer who was dining there, suddenly took a rosy apple from the table and threw it between the pretty dancers. Then there did begin a scuffle and a to-do. They fell upon each other and tore each other's clothes, scratching and scrambling, till off fell mask and head-dress, and instead of two pretty little children, two ugly monkeys stood before the company. Everybody was surprised, yet laughed aloud; but the old officer said: "Monkeys and foolish people manage to look well for a time in fine clothes, but they soon show what they are."

"If essence and wisdom are not ours,
In vain we dress as gay as flowers."

A NEW GAME—BLOWING COTTON.

"Blowing cotton" is a sitting-room game of the jolliest sort. Let a number of players be seated around a table, with hands folded and arms extended along the edge of the table, each person touching elbows with his neighbor on each side of him. Take a small piece of common cotton batting, picked up so as to be made as light and as soft as possible. Put this in the center of the table. Let some one count "one, two, three," and then let each one blow his bat to keep the cotton away from himself, and drive it upon some one else. The person on whom it alights must say "I am sorry." No one must take up his arms to escape the cotton. When it alights, take it up and start anew. It will be a very sober set indeed who can play two or three rounds without indulging in the healthiest sort of uproarious laughter.

The following is pretty old, but as many of our readers are pretty and young, we give it for their edification:

When Eve brought me to this mankind,
O Adam called her a wren,
And when she wooed with love so kind,
He then pronounced her Eve-meen.

But now with noisy, base and vain,
Their husbands' pockets tramping,
The ladies are so full of whims
The people call them whims-men.

"Mamma," said a wise child, one Sunday evening, after having sat still in the house all day, "has a good child, 'have I honored you today?"

"I don't know," replied the mother, "why do you ask?" "Because," says the little one, shaking her head sadly, "the Bible says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long,' and this has been, oh, two longest I ever saw."

A pompous schoolmaster once said to a chubby-faced lad who was passing him with out raising his hat, "Do you know who I am, sir, that you pass me in this unpolite way? You are better fed than taught, I think."

"Wah, maybe it be so, mister," said the boy, "for you teaches me, an' I loves my school."

"How old are you?" asked a railroad conductor, of a little girl, whose mother was trying to pass on a bad ticket.

"I am nine at home, but in the cars I am only six and a half."

A little Boston girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses—she had seen a man in a shop just finishing one of them, for he was making an iron tail for him.

"When a lady faints, what figure does she need?" You must bring her a fan.

"Why is the letter G like the sun?" It is the centre of light.

APPLYING THE SCALPEL.

THE "UNPROFESSIONAL PROFESSION" FLAITS.

While we do not altogether agree with the writer of the following indictment, who finds space in Mr. Beecher's paper, the *Christian Union*, for the publication of his criticisms upon the teachers' profession, it is nevertheless impossible to deny that there is some truth in what he says, and accordingly we commend the article to the attention of educators, promising that if any of them are "moved by the spirit" to reply, the columns of the SCHOOL JOURNAL shall be open to them:

We have read a good deal (says the *Christian Union*) about the necessity of having "five" men and women in the teachers' chairs; of the sacredness of childhood; of the endless influence for good or evil proceeding from the teachers' example; of the imperative need of sustaining the common school system; and making the schools potential fontaines of all intellectual and moral excellence. We have been assured that accuracy in spelling is extremely important; that correct education is essential in good reading and speaking; that English grammar is a subject by no means to be slighted in the school-room; that the children ought to be thoroughly drilled in rapid and accurate computation; and, above all, that they should not be suffered to neglect their country's history. Here and there a voice has been raised on behalf of Nature, and teachers have been earnestly enjoined to see to it that "Nature's Great Book" be made legible to every aspiring pupil. All this is admirable; but the same things have been insisted on in almost precisely the same words, again and again, every season, since the first teachers' association was organized.

Suppose the professors of medicine had adopted the teachers' course; that their professional journals and their professional speaking and writing generally had been given over, a century ago, to magnifying the dignity and importance of medicine, to proclaiming the need of "five" and "conscientious practitioners," the evils of disease and the moral duty of all

men to attain and retain by every legitimate means the most healthful condition possible. All such efforts might have been commendable enough—as their counterparts are in the literature of education; but if persisted in solely, though never so zealously, they would not have raised medicine from the sloughs of ignorance to the firmer ground of science, based on wise inductions from widely-gathered facts.

Looked at with a just appreciation of the needs of the pedagogic profession, there is no department of literature more pitiable than that covered by publications devoted to teaching, the convention papers and teachers' magazines, so called. As regards their professional matter, the numbers for this year might be transposed with those of last year, or the fifth, tenth, twentieth year before, if that were possible, and no one could detect the change. The same subjects are under discussion now as then, with scarcely an appreciable indication of the advance during the years that have intervened. Could the same be said of the publications of any other profession?

A few years ago a gentleman who knew very little about education, and had that little confused by certain ill-founded theories, essayed to develop a scientific basis for education. There was a grain of truth amid all the folly of his work, a little light which served to show how slightly the methods of inductive science have been employed in the development of the science and the art of teaching.

Where are the accumulated observations, the professional records of experiments, thoughtfully instituted and rigorously examined, to determine the more efficient means for securing the healthiest mental growth, the highest mental culture? There is no evidence that such investigations have ever been made; certainly their results form no appreciable portion of the literature of education. Yet without them teaching can scarcely become what it aims to be: a true, progressive education.

WINTER SCHOOLS—BAD AIR.

Now that our winter schools are in full session (says the *Herald of Health*), let parents who have children in them not forget to know whether the air in them is kept pure or not. If the children complain of headache, lassitude, dullness, want of appetite, be sure something is wrong. The following fact regarding a school in Switzerland shows how fearfully at fault teachers are there, and it is not much better in some places in this country:

Dr. Breiting, in Basel, Switzerland, has examined the air of school-rooms in that city, in order to establish how far their complaints were ill-founded, which had been so often expressed, with regard to the injurious quality of the air in school-rooms. We give below some of the results of this investigation for a room of 544 cubic feet capacity, and a surface of 111 square feet for doors and windows. During the trial it contained 64 children:

POISONED AUTUMN LEAVES.

A correspondent gives a seasonable caution to ladies against the danger of gathering poisonous leaves for preservation. The poison ivy, with its three-leaved clingers covering fences, trees and walls with a bluish beauty, is especially to be shunned. The vegetable poison in this plant affects different constitutions differently. Some can handle it, and even pull it up by the roots with impunity, while others are poisoned merely by the wind blown from it while it is being disturbed. But so many are dreadfully poisoned by it every year that a word of caution may not be untimely.

The remedies recommended by the botanist, Dr. Bigelow, are acetate of copper and corrosive sublimate; but a physician should be consulted on their use.

There is equal danger from the poison-sumach, or poison-dogwood, as it is sometimes called, both belonging to the same genus of plants. This has leaves scarcely equalled in the autumn for their crimson brilliancy. They closely resemble the leaves of the common sumach, both of which are common in this region. The poison species may be certainly distinguished by its light ash-gray stems, the harmless kind presenting an iron-brown. The former is confined mostly to moist, swampy locations, while the latter is a habitant of dry situations. If the fruit of the latter is to be seen, it may at once be distinguished by its being in velvety, crimson heads, from six to twelve inches long. The flowers of the poison kind are in loose panicles and the fruit is as large as peas.

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